

The Kevins
P.O.Box 97
Boulder City, Nev. 89005

1/9/90

Dear both,

How strange it is that I've gotten mail from all over the world either misaddressed or addresses just "Frederick" and gotten it but didn't get your letters! I suppose they came at one of the odd times when, without our moving, we got a new address. This happened four times in the past 22+ years. The P.O. forwards mail for six months only. So, even though it was correctly addressed, if there had been a new employee at the local p.o. we would probably not have gotten much letters. But by and large the service here has been excellent. Last I wrote you was after Jodi's accident I as I now recall when I got no answer I figured you'd just cleaned out. Glad from this mailing that she seems to be OK.

What you guys call golden olives are all strange to me. Never heard of most of those songs. Guess they were popular when I had little time for the radio and when I kept the hifi tuned to the classical music station, of which in this entire area there then was but one. I'd been its news and special events editor and its traffic manager.

Exercise is great. I was told after the second emergency operation I had, arterial, that had I not lived a vigorous life my heart would have just quit. Which for several hours they'd expected. Right now the exercise is quite limited. Ten simple exercises each to a 10-count twice a day plus a little walking in the house plus just moving around as I have to, that is it. I'm hoping that tomorrow will bring the lifting of some restrictions. Being driven back to Johns Hopkins for first check and testing and I hope that they wind up letting me drive and do a little more. Right now, with us 350' from the road and below-freezing temperatures and ice we get the mail and the papers when a friend or neighbor brings them in. I want to be able to drive to the mall where I can be out of the weather and walk other than in a circle. Which I've been doing! Walking is also very good for us.

We'll see what the future is. Three months from yesterday I'll be 77 and right now I'm still pretty tender in places where they moved bones around, etc. I stay tired but not nearly as tired as right after the operation. Biggest problem is I can't stay asleep. Fall asleep fine but keep getting up. Yesterday and today 1:30 a.m. Both days took a nap, but I'm still not sleeping enough.

The only times I'm bored is when I run out of interesting books. For some years now I've been limited in what I can do so I've been trying to catch up on all the reading that wasn't possible when I was working around the clock. Have I been enjoying it, too!

I've not been able to bring myself to write off the top of the head and I've feared that if I were to do anything like that, without the solid documentation I've had in the past, that it would undermine my existing work. So I've done no writing for publication. If I'd had a gofer who could fetch from the files that are in the basement the records I'd have used maybe I'd have written more in the more recent past. But I could not pay for any such help and had none and Lil's arthritis ruled her out. (Tax season has begun for her already so she'll stay pretty busy for more than three months now.)

While the extent and nature of interest in the JFK assassination does fluctuate I do not find what you report, little interest. Today I made up three packages of books to go out in tomorrow's mail and this morning there was a large fistful of letters responding to inquiries. There is still considerable interest including some from those not born by the time of the assassination.

However, you are the only people I knew in the LA area in the late 60s from whom I ever hear. And only two in the Bay area of all of them.

Meanwhile, I hope Jodi keeps at her book that is both fiction and nonfiction. It should at the least give her a change of pace and might turn out good.

All our best,